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P O E M S

BY

WILLIAM COLQUITT, A. B.

LATE OF CHRIST COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Interim et sublimitate heroici carminis animus affurgat: et ex magnitudine rerum spiritum
ducat, et optimis imbuatur.—Utile tragediæ.—Alunt lyrici. QUINTILIAN.

Chester,

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1802.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poems had no intention of making them public at the time of his composition, which he did for his own amusement, till meditating upon the information, as well as entertainment, they might give to the learned reader, concluded upon the same.

The subjects he has wrote upon are, according to his estimation, worthy their notice. He will not attempt here to induce the reader to an approbation of this work; for if he does not approve it for its utility, as well as information, the Author cannot think that he will sooner by any recommendation in a preface.

The subject of the first poem, which is chiefly pastoral, is a Morning Walk in the Month of September; intended to give a pleasing description of the country at early morn, as well as of the harvest, and to divert the mind from atheistic principles and lethargy.

The second is the Astronomer. Astronomy being, by the most learned in all ages, esteemed the noblest science invented by man; since

it tends to raise our minds to heaven, and excites us to glorify both the Creator and his superior works above. In this poem, which is the first on this subject ever completed in this country, and which the Author has taken no little pains with, by reducing into a small compass much information on a great subject. The solar system, as well as the discoveries of modern astronomers, are here recorded. It is impossible to solve and prove each problem in verse so clear and satisfactory as mathematical demonstration; although the author has not omitted mentioning the different projects the Astronomer makes use of to elucidate his poem. To relate and explain the geometry of this earth alone, as well as the cycles of the sun and moon, would be a subject for a poem; yet the principal parts necessary to be known are here recorded, and what could not be related in verse are explained in notes. He is perfectly satisfied, that when his observations come to be properly considered, others will be of the same way of thinking, and those of sound judgment impartially judge of the same.

With respect to the planets being inhabited, none can discover this for certainty; but the Author having paid due regard to causes and effects, as well as to the sun's heat and light on bodies far and near, is of opinion, that none of the planets in our system can consistently be inhabited, except the planets Mercury, Venus, this Earth, and Mars, as their days and nights are nearly equal, each of them receiving a sufficient degree of fermentation and light for the same. It does not follow,

that if any of the superior planets, their moons, or the comets are not inhabited, though of such immense magnitude, that the Supreme Fabricator of the universe has made them in vain, any more than he has made an island or a mountain desolate, or a blushing flower to bloom in a desert unseen. It was the God of nature's pleasure to make them as seemed best to himself, and not as seemed best to us his creatures, who are only to admire them, and adore Him who, by secret methods, rules and guides the whole. As this is sometimes the subject of conversation among Astronomers, the Author begs leave to submit his opinion to the public upon this, which he thought might not be unacceptable to the learned reader.

The third poem is an accurate description of Liverpool, which is now the largest and most opulent seaport town of any in England, next to London. In this he has described the principal buildings and docks, which are peculiar to it.

The fourth is a description of York Cathedral, generally called York Minster; which is at this time reckoned to be one of the finest Gothic structures in Europe.

The fifth is the Merchant; in which he has made some remarks on the advantages of commerce and the trade of this country with every quarter of this habitable globe.

The sixth is a poem in behalf of the new-erected Blind Asylum at Liverpool; in which is displayed the heavenly faculty of sight.

The seventh was at first intended to be an Elegy on the decease of Scrope Colquitt, Esq. of Liverpool; in which he has represented the advantages of good manners and a virtuous life to the attainment of happiness here and everlasting life.

The Author, different from poets in general, has avoided recording any verses to fill up or lengthen his poems which do not give information. He has written several others, but the subjects were such as he thought not worth the attention of the public, therefore declined exposing them. From the opportunities he has had of information, he has endeavoured to render these poems pleasing and intelligible; and therefore presents them (though sensible of their imperfections) to the judgment of the impartial and literary public.



AURORA

THE MORNING WALK.



Nascere præque diem veniens age Lucifer alnum. VIRGIL.



AURORA breaks the skies at early morn,
When from the east she glances o'er the lawn;
Her glimm'ring rays the sun's advance display;
While the cock crows to tell returning day.
The animal creation, cheer'd with light,
Run here and there, as if with some delight:
The swains from rest renew their daily toil,
And in these improv'd lands turn o'er the soil.
Hence in what numbers shall my sweet muse sing
The dewy sweets and views the mornings' bring,
The gentle gales through woods and fragrant flowers,
Now so delicious near the rural bowers?
The morning's fine, I'll take my walks abroad,
When plummy beds my neighbouring friends defraud,
To see the gardens or the fields produce,
The swelling fruit and full-ear'd corn for use,

The beauteous produce of a fruitful year
 Excites us to behold with love and fear :
 When shepherds drive their bleating flocks away
 To heaths or vallies, where they sing and play.
 Now Venus, blushing like a chaste bride,
 Foretels the pleasant day in all its pride,
 Attracted by her, Phœbus glorious light,
 And we the next, though not so very bright.
 No planets, save the queen of love, appear
 In the sun's presence, which eight worlds revere.
 Though eastern skies with purer light is blest,
 Our lands appear in all their grandeur drest.
 Hark to the tuneful tenants of the air,
 Which leave their little nests on high to soar;
 See with what chearfulness they seem to fly
 Through the wide atmosphere beneath the sky.
 Above th' enlighten'd clouds see Phœbus rise,
 In all his majesty, to light the skies:
 At whose appearance heaven and earth disclose;
 And now all nature smiles from dark repose.
 He with his radiant beams revives the earth,
 And all that it produces from its birth:
 Hence spring the balmy and parental powers
 Which cherish animals and bloom in flowers.

Place me beneath his chariot's purest ray,
 Where mankind ne'er increafe and never stray:
 There, with fair Pallas, will I tune my lyre,
 And fing thofe lays which truth and love inspire.
 How chearful every view appears at morn,
 While orient rays the hills and groves adorn:
 If here or there I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Some bufy fcenes or charming landfcapes rife.
 The verdant trees, which bounteous nature gave,
 Now bend with fruit o'er banks which clear ftreams lave:
 The moving waves alternate leave the fhore,
 And thus expofe the banks o'erflow'd before:
 So round this earth, attraftive as they flow,
 Do pleafing light and darknefs come and go.
 The fylvan fhades invite to crofs the lawn,
 Near flowery pastures and thick ftanding corn:
 Here Pan himfelf would love to tend his flocks,
 And hear thefe waters gurgling thro' the rocks.
 Ye Nails fair, who, with a pleafing pride,
 O'er murmuring fountains and the fprings prefide,
 O'er peaceful Albion's now ye nymphs attend,
 And health and vigour to her labours lend.
 Phœbus propitious emits temperate rays,
 And oft reftrains the fhowers in harveft days;

When the hale swain will chearful ply his hours
 In fencing pastures, fields, or making bowers.
 Now lands and lakes, their commerce to maintain,
 Exhale mix'd vapours in exchange for rain:
 Since earth each day doth one half still expose,
 And with due moisture the green leaves dispose.
 These figur'd leaves and flowers that face the storm
 Are of just texture, and as fair their form;
 Which, with the sweet and blushing fruit, perfume
 This pleasant walk, through which the zephyrs come.
 The sparkling Virgin gives the misty morn;
 Now sultry heats no longer parch the lawn:
 The powerful air is still throughout the land
 Equal dispos'd by her auspicious hand.
 This earth, which once was young, now waxes old,
 The seasons more uncertain, wet and cold:
 This all things shew, since through this changing scene
 Few lands unpeopled or untill'd are seen.
 Yet Phœbus kind now ripens all the fields,
 Which, for the farmer's toil, rich produce yields:
 In passing through the groves saw roses bloom,
 But now rejoices more such harvests come.
 Libra's just weigh'd the days and nights in scales,
 Which twice were equal now the night prevails.

Let me, ye Muses, seek the gilded plains,
 And sing their beauties in sublimer strains :
 A plenteous harvest and ripe fruits repay
 When nature's sweets, the fragrant flowers, decay.
 Since, as old poets say, Ceres brings corn,
 We'll sing her love, and shew the plenteous horn ;
 Then maids and youths shall with sharp sickles reap,
 While gatherers follow and collect the heap.
 In equal ranks the binded sheaves they place,
 Then fill their bursting barns in joy and peace.
 A rural life who will not thus commend?
 Which is so pleasant to the Autumn's end :
 See villas smoke 'midst trees and green retreats,
 Where fruitful orchards fence their barns and seats.
 The tuneful birds, in sweet accord, attend
 Those ancient woods, and their shrill notes extend.
 While they, in smoky darkness, walk the town,
 I breathe a purer air, and see sunshine :
 Each pleasant morn their green-fenc'd fields I view,
 And sometimes see them beating corn now new :
 The town, in Winter, for amusements' sake,
 And timely interviews with friends to make.
 If snow's unpleasant each contracted day,
 Cold adds to strength, experience this will say :

For much indulgence near the mineral fire
 Makes us perceive cold more when we retire.
 See the old tower and farm near yon high rocks,
 Where mindful rustics drive their herds and flocks;
 This rapid stream between us still retards
 Our visiting that house and plenteous yards:
 Yet 'tis not that or this delightful place
 Will give much pleasure without conscious peace:
 To have a heart sincere and mind as pure
 Is the best way to happiness, I'm sure.
 For faith or worship will not ease our minds
 Without we practice and seek wisdom's lines:
 Since learning doth not always sense obtain,
 This is a natural gift, I think, seems plain;
 For those deep read how oft we see transgress
 In manners, taste, and words, without redress:
 But as we're born with different wills misus'd,
 Our words and manners must be e'er confus'd.
 If all did right, werewith good taste endued,
 We should not see their works confus'd and rude,
 As piles unequal, with their roofs expos'd,
 Curv'd streets too narrow, windows ill-dispos'd,
 Unfinish'd architecture not well wrought,
 And ships unweildy of a shapeless draught,

With furniture ungraceful to our fight,
 But all their handyworks would bring delight,
 The mind contented in a happy state
 Needs no supply of pleasures rich or great,
 Self-animated with its own delight,
 In evening as in morning, dark or light.
 Religion doth conduce to human blifs,
 And they're most blest that the least do amifs;
 It dignifies our nature, prone to vice;
 Exalts mankind above the bestial race.
 As each directs his footsteps in his walk,
 So let him rule his conduct and his talk:
 March on betimes, and your best hours employ
 To live in plenty, to have health and joy.
 The morning walk thus took, farewell, ye swains,
 I've seen your toil, and heard your careless strains.
 Oh! peaceful hours, no more of war now mourn,
 Behold Saturnian times once more return.

THE ASTRONOMER.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Mufæ
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore
Accipiant, cælique vias et fidera monſtrent,
Dejectus folis varios lunæque labores.

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

CELESTIAL Muſe, ſhall I invoke thy aid
To my deſcriptive ſong of heaven diſplay'd?
By figur'd conſtellations as they run,
And earthly globes revolving round the ſun;
Which the Aſtronomer, in cloudleſs night,
Explains by proof, and tells each ſhining light.
This oblate ſphere, in which four parts conſpire,
Of different form, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire;
In twice twelve hours once round her axis turns,
Which is the cauſe each day and night returns:
Since thus revolving ſeas muſt ebb and flow,*
And the unequal ſeaſons undergo.

* If the earth was quietſcent there would be no tides.

Twenty-four thousand miles is this globe round,
 Whose north and south poles are with cold ice bound:
 While her mid zone directly meets the sun
 Divided by the equinoctial line:
 Perpetual glowing with his radiant beam
 Here equal days and nights remain the same.
 At equal distance on each side this line
 Two circles on the north and south confine:
 One on the north through Cancer's claws display
 The Summer's tropic, when's the longest day:
 Another call'd the Winter tropic's drawn
 On the wet south, through freezing Capricorn;
 At which time are the most contracted days,
 When Phœbus warms but with his oblique rays.
 The arctic circle on the north contains
 The frigid zone, which the bright bear sustains:
 As the antarctic bounds the south, as clear
 Five zones, mark'd by five circles, form this sphere.
 The equinoctial and solstitial lines,
 Thus crossing, make right angles at their signs;
 These colours, drawn from pole all round to pole,
 Into four equal parts divide the whole.
 In oblique orb, through twelve signs, round the sun,
 Does this vast frame her annual course now run;

Which Autumn, Winter, Spring, and Summer cause;
 All which he shews and proves with just applause.
 Thus by geometry this earth he knows,
 Which by meridians, zones, and circles shews;
 And that an atmosphere concludes the whole,
 Fill'd with attractive virtue from each pole.

With strength of mind then scales the skies above,
 And leaves this half-illum'd earth here to move;
 To view the starry heaven's unbounded height,
 And worlds revolving there half dark and light:*
 To find the comet's long-curv'd path on high,
 Where constellations beautify the sky.
 First will the sun his admiration take,
 Which does the centre of our system make,
 According to Copernicus, who prov'd,
 By rules unerring, and his system's good,
 This wonderful sulphureous globe like fire
 Turns round from spots, which come and then retire;†
 In twenty-six days round his axis moves,
 And bears these on him, which this motion proves.

* None are worlds but planets.

† According to Dr. Herschel, these apparent spots are holes in the body of the sun.

Self-gravitating there without control,
 Round which eight opake planets jointly roll.
 His power's attractive, wond'rous to remark,
 Whose inside substance is compact and dark,
 O'ercas'd with fluid fire, which is now found
 Each planet to illume as she rolls round.

To the wide zodiac these worlds confines
 He in th' ecliptic while they turn the signs;
 The nearer these approach his flaming force
 Do they roll round him with more rapid course.
 With his micrometer and telescope
 Finds the diameter and planets' scope;
 The distance of th' inferior planets' known
 By greatest elongation from the sun: *
 The distance of superior, as each runs,
 He finds by the eclipses of her moons.
 Each distance from the sun thus calculates,
 Their geocentric places he then states.

By geometric proof, and Euclid's laws,
 Their magnitudes apparent he thus draws,

* The arch of a great circle intercepted between the planet and the sun.

Their motions in ellipses he explains,
 And what their circuits round the sun retains :
 By laws of motion, gravity, and space
 'Tis that they in their orbits keep their place.
 According to their matter gravitate
 In their attracted and projected state.
 The sun will gravitate with equal force
 To these which round him thus perform their course.

That all these in elliptic orbits move
 He, by great Kepler's problem, this does prove :
 By this the system of the universe
 Was solv'd by Newton, which he sings in verse.

Since these turn round their axis he displays,
 They half-illumin'd have their nights and days ;
 These have their torrid zones and frigid bound,
 And seasons too, as each in orb turns round.
 From hence and from earth's centre draws his lines,
 The parallaxes of the stars then finds ;
 Their geocentric places he relates,
 Their true and mean appearances then states :
 By half the diameter of earth's orb,
 The annual parallax of each dark globe,

He best does find, and the more she rolls near
The greater will the angles be and clear.

On eagle's wings to the sun's centre flies,
Thence marks their distant motions thro' the skies ;
His heliocentric views, which there doth prove,
Exhibit earth and planets round him move.
Their motions from the earth unequal seem'd,
But from the sun in perfect order deem'd.
The air between him and this atmosphere
Is not the same as ours throughout the year ;
'Tis incompress'd more pure and cold intense,
Ours, which resists his warm beams, is more dense.
Its different density in different place
Doth cause the winds to blow, to change, and cease.*
Thus awful thunder in the liquid air
Is from collision of clouds heated there ;
When clouds inflammable and aqueous meet
In such extensive space must sound create.

The great fix'd stars he sees are suns as bright,†
And each the centre of a system light :

* If the earth was quiescent there would be no winds.

† Stars of the first, second, and third magnitudes.

The right ascension, declination known,
 Of any of these bright fix'd stars alone :
 The latitude and longitude he finds
 By solving a triangle of curv'd lines.

These are the planets which roll round the sun,
 From West to East, and in these times they run ;
 In three months Mercury his orbit makes,
 Nearest the sun, and of great heat partakes.
 Venus in eight months through her orbit runs,
 In twenty-three hours she her axis turns.
 This aqueous earth revolves thus in one year.
 Red Mars in two years will his circuit steer,
 In twice twelve hours and forty minutes, there
 Will he roll round his axis once, with care.
 In twelve years Jupiter performs his round.
 Saturn to be in thirty years is found.
 Though of such bulk as these are made t' appear,
 Each turns his axis once in ten hours clear.
 He's wonder'd oft what Saturn's ring could be,
 And now concludes, from what he clear doth see :
 'Tis solid circles of earth petrified,*
 Void of the fultry heat and clouds allied.

* Dr. Herschel has discovered that this ring consists of two circles.

Herschel, with his large telescope, has seen
 Another planet in the blue serene,
 Which Georgium Sidus he has pleas'd to term,
 This eighty years takes to her course perform.*

The moon in one month round her axis turns,
 In the same time she round the earth sojourns,
 To which she turns her north pole in the race,
 Because she always shines with the same face.
 This thirsty moon our earth's great oceans guides,†
 Twice in each month she draws the rising tides:

* The diameters of the planets and their distances from the sun in miles are as follow :

Mercury is three thousand two hundred miles in breadth, and	
distant from the sun, - - - - -	37,000,000
Venus is seven thousand seven hundred miles in breadth, - - -	68,000,000
Earth is eight thousand miles in breadth, - - - - -	95,000,000
Mars is four thousand two hundred miles in breadth, - - - -	144,000,000
Jupiter is eighty-nine thousand miles in breadth, - - - - -	490,000,000
Saturn is seventy-nine thousand miles in breadth, - - - - -	900,000,000
The distance of the Georgium from the sun is - - - - -	1800,000,000

Mercury moves at the rate of one hundred and five thousand miles an hour.

Venus moves at the rate of seventy-six thousand miles an hour.

Earth moves at the rate of fifty-eight thousand miles an hour.

Mars moves at the rate of fifty-five thousand miles an hour.

Jupiter moves at the rate of twenty-nine thousand miles an hour.

† At the conjunction of the sun and moon, when they act in a direct line with each

She, that of but earth, air, and fire consists,
 Must thus revolve while humid earth exists.
 Four moons attend great Jupiter in state,
 While Saturn has seven moons which circulate :*
 The Géorgium too, to terminate the bound,
 Has six satellites revolving round.
 Their phases and their looks will he display,
 And with his telescope shew night and day.

Now, that he may not be deceiv'd in these
 Fair glitt'ring planets, which he sometimes sees,
 He shews the harmony they all observe,
 And how their times and motions they preserve.
 That the squares of their periodic times†
 Are as the cubes of their distances seems,

other, which happens at the change and full, their attractive forces being united, raise the waters under and opposite to them, which make the spring tides, the gravity on the opposite side of the earth being diminished by the centrifugal force. At the quarters, when the sun and moon act crossways to each other, the sun's action diminishes the effect of that of the moon on the waters under and opposite to her, which makes the neap tides.

* Saturn's ring and Jupiter's moons were first seen by Galileus with his telescope, at that time invented. Five of Saturn's moons were first discovered by Mr. Cassini, who also discovered the sun's rotation; and two more by Herschel, who has discovered six round the Georgium Sidus.

† This harmony of the planets was discovered by John Kepler.

From the true centre of their orbits high,
Round which they make their motions orderly.

Th' eclipses of the sun and moon foretels,
And when the planet our day light repels.
When the fair glitt'ring moon, with cleft abodes,
Shall be in one of the intersected nodes,
And the earth comes between the sun and moon,
The moon at full is then eclips'd as soon.
When she between the sun and earth you see
An eclipse of the sun likewise shall be.

When twenty-eight long years shall circulate,
The cycle of the sun shall be compleat;
And when the time of nineteen years is run
Compleated is the cycle of the moon.

Hence comets, though with moving powers are made,
In matter are much like the sun's inlaid,
Except that these have fiery tails display'd.*
Hence intervals of many years will be
Before they pass our sun with speed you see.
Since their velocities and times are great,
Must move in all directions, soon and late.

}

'Tis well for us these fiery bodies cleave
 To radiant suns, which they swift turn and leave.
 No atmosphere surrounds that flaming mass,
 There's no resistance in the void they pass.

Muse, heavenly contemplation him inspires
 When he observes these emblematic fires;
 His mind's exalted when he doth survey
 So many hundred suns in constant day.*
 The galaxy's unequal breadth, so white,
 Consists of crowded stars' distinguish'd light:
 See heaven's encircled path expanded fair,
 Which Perseus cuts, and Cassiopeias' chair.

That light consists of colours, see each hue,
 Red, orange, yellow, green, and distinct blue,
 And next the violet and indigo,
 Which conclude seven, like Iris' beauteous bow:
 Such are the primary fair colours seen
 By his clear prism, which will display all these.

* The great Flamsteed compos'd a catalogue of the fix'd stars, which contains six thousand; to each star he has annexed its latitude, longitude, right ascension, and distance from the pole. Many more have since been discovered by Dr. Herschel,

Thus light itself is rul'd by certain laws,
 And has its aberrations for some cause.
 Heaven is unveil'd, which we on earth explore,
 By some divine permission, and adore.
 This search must please, since he uplifts our minds,
 What powers forbids, those from our sight confines.
 His comprehensive lines now thus display'd,
 Which magnifies the heavens with light array'd:
 The solar system, and what there revolves,
 By mathematic laws in concord solves.

Although the great Newton was not fortunate to make many new discoveries, he established the noble science of astronomy on a better basis than it had ever been before, by his deep knowledge of mathematics. He greatly improved optics and the theory of gravity, which he made a general principle. Calculated the sun's heat by the bulk of that immense body, and its proportional heat to this earth and all the planets, determining the degrees of heat and light on each by satisfactory arguments.

ERRATA.

P. 21, The moon's diameter is 2180 miles, and her distance from the earth's centre is 240,000, moving at the rate of 2290 miles an hour.

P. 23, * As the comet approaches the sun the finer parts of the solar atmosphere are transmitted in great quantity, and form its tail, which is nothing else than an eruption of electric fluid with which the heavens abound. The tail is longest when it is nearest to the sun; the body being now ignited begins to repel the air on all sides, and the heat still increasing, is at last hurried off by the impulse of light, while the electric stream goes before to clear its way, and keep off the too great pressure of the air, which would retard its progress. Of the substances and uses of comets, Sir Isaac Newton's conjectures appear to me to be the most consistent. It appears to me also not improbable, that the comets, which move at the rate of one million of miles in an hour, and come so near the sun after an absence of so many years, that they must leave this our system and revolve round the nearest fixed star, whether it be Sirius, Aldebaran, or any other star of similar magnitude. This conjecture helps to confirm that truth, viz. that the great fixed stars must be suns.

DESCRIPTION OF LIVERPOOL,

Nescio qua natale Solum dulcedine cunctos ducit. OVID.

ME to describe in verse my muse alarms;
Our native land attracts by secret charms:
Oft when remote from these salubrious shores
We wish to see our country and its stores.
Hence shall I thus display fair Liverpool? *
Seated near Mersey's pleasant banks e'er cool.
O charming situation, fit for trade,
And to receive large ships which here are made.
Here was an ancient castle fortified
With guns in embrasures plac'd on each side
Where now Saint George's church stands, here the mayor
And magistrates their praises oft declare.

* Liverpool was first chartered in 1120, by Henry I. then again by King John in 1203; and in 1406, the brave Sir John Stanley built the tower, which was afterwards inhabited by his widow Isabel, only daughter of Sir Thomas Latham, who gave him the site.

This castle was begun, as history says,
 By Henry first brave in his warlike days;
 Completed by King John, of some renown,
 For he incorporated this large town.
 The stately tower, to which the sea once flow'd,
 When this was thought to be a grand abode,
 Is a stone structure, now us'd as the gaol,
 Being so strong that none their flight assail.
 Th' assembly-room and wards it doth contain
 Are many and convenient, as they're clean:
 Thus from a noble mansion is this made
 The felon's, debtor's, and rogue's ambuscade.
 Now when Mars was disturb'd, they fix'd to build
 A greater prison, which was too soon fill'd:
 Six roomy cells a towering wall surrounds
 To keep the captive Gaul within due bounds,
 The pleasant river Mersey's flowing tide
 With curling waves infracts the western side.
 As the new quays advance the currents swell,
 Which the great anchor'd ships can scarce repel.
 Now peace returns and horrid war is o'er,
 Now muskets rest and cannons cease to roar,
 Let Britons now rejoice, and wealth increase,
 And commerce unmolested never cease.

Before the polish'd fire-arms were known here
 Our townsmen fought with arrows and the spear :
 Once they engag'd the victory to claim,
 That they might make this town then of some fame.*
 The first and noblest structure is the 'Change,
 Adorn'd with four majestic fronts in range :
 Here the Corinthian order is display'd,
 And emblematic figures richly grav'd.
 Merchandize, Liberty, and Commerce fair
 Regarding Neptune with becoming air,
 Is on the South front pediment observ'd,
 With figures well adapted finely carv'd.
 Four statues, each in emblematic robe,
 To represent four quarters of the globe,
 At equal distance on the North front stand,
 Above a spacious court-room at command.
 Eight uniform stone Temples decorate
 This busy place, where riches circulate.
 While we behold these and each sculptured side
 Their towers and spires the smoky clouds divide.
 Their insides are magnificent and light,
 Their galleries and altars take our sight :

* It was besieged by Prince Rupert in the reign of Charles I. 1644, but, after a stout resistance, was at length taken.

Like solemn thunder their large organs found,
 While the full sacred aisles with praise rebound.
 Excepting these fine churches, here are some
 Dissenting chapels, to which many come;
 And other handsome fabrics, to increase
 Religious worship and fraternal peace.
 The Bibliotheca, that noble pile,
 Has two fronts finish'd in th' Ionic style;
 That on the South majestic doth appear,
 With handsome pillar'd portico carv'd there.
 This structure, now the second in this place,
 Whose library is round and of great space,
 Contains a gallery, the whole t' amuse,
 And a news-room the papers to peruse.
 A spacious Custom-house, fac'd with white stone.*
 Would dignify this port if rightly done,
 The present is for business much too small,
 But if rebuilt would serve the will of all.
 Once an Observatory grac'd this town,
 Yet was no sooner rais'd than taken down:
 This is an edifice much wanted here,
 Where navigation is so much their care.

* For which the author has drawn a plan,

Fronting a square the Theatre stands in state,
 Furnish'd with scenery and a stage complete:
 Dramatic entertainments here are done,
 Where all the manners of mankind are shewn.
 Shall now the Music-hall my muse inspire?
 To sing its charms, where many tune the lyre;
 While vocal strains th' enchanted soul delight,
 The fair, so beautiful, attract your sight.
 So much the harmony of music charms
 That it excites us in the din of arms,
 When we forget the circling toils of day,
 And chearful hearken to each tuneful lay.
 Although this fabric makes no splendid view,
 'Tis furnish'd with good taste completely new:
 Convenient porticos front this light room,
 So well constructed as 'tis uniform,
 With Coffee-rooms and Inns this town's supplied,
 Where coaches go and come from every side:
 The Riding Circus and the Tennis Court
 Are made convenient for them to resort.
 Since the declining river will not flow
 To grind the corn, she bids the winds to blow:
 When the mill's sails here with swift motion fly,
 To manifest their art and industry.

What saline Baths in England e'er were plann'd
 More elegant than those which grace this strand;
 Here may the patient vigorous health obtain,
 To ply his business, and acquire great gain.
 Compassion bids the muse now to recount
 The Blue-Coat Hospital, two wings in front:
 This fabric has its windows arch'd with stone,
 Where the youth are with seeds of virtue sown.
 The airy Workhouse is of spacious form,
 Fit to relieve the poor from want and storm.
 A beautiful Asylum too is rais'd,
 Where the blind orphans are maintain'd and eas'd.
 The Infirmary extensive is compleat,
 The rooms commodious, the assistance great:
 Here are green trees and walks 'midst herbs and flowers
 To reconcile the patient's restless hours.
 A good Dispensary this place supplies,
 With medicine for such as here applies.
 If from our actions we plead guilty hearts,
 Yet charity veils vice, and truth imparts.
 Next in due order must my muse relate
 The grand Botanic Garden, near replete
 With healing plants, from East and West climes brought,
 And Italy, with Spain's green foliage fraught,

Here blooms exotic beauty by moss bowers,
 Sweet odorif'rous leaves and opening flowers;
 Herbs medical of curious figures grow,
 Did man the use of every leaf but know!
 Let him now cultivate; exub'rant earth
 Will recompence his toil with health and mirth.
 Six spacious Docks appear like Winter woods,
 Surrounded with rich home and foreign goods;
 These keep the ships afloat that with wealth crown,
 Excite employment, and enlarge this town.
 The varied scenes view'd from each crowded quay
 The stranger's notice cannot but delay:
 Where hearty failors tug the sails and ropes,
 On board their castled ships, brigs, boats, and floops.
 The yards and slips wherein all these are built,
 Painted, and copper-sheath'd, and sometimes gilt,
 Are fill'd with English oak and long huge deals,
 That serve to build and bend the spreading sails.
 Great Egerton, that noble duke, has made
 A fair improvement to their inland trade
 By means of aqueducts, which Brindley plann'd;
 Thus merchandize flows through this happy land.
 Let not the warehouse incommode the street,
 But stand apart, in equal height to meet:

Since there is no rule fix'd to build these by,
 Six stories each might be, more are too high.
 The public walks upon Mount Pleasant made
 Are fet with verdant trees and flowers to shade;
 These rural bowers and prospects form a screen,
 Delightful in a Summer's day serene.
 Behold the Esplanade near George's Dock,
 Where you may see ships sailing round the Rock,
 And Cheshire's distant sylvan shades and fields,
 That for this plenteous market so much yields.
 The chearful bells attract some near these views
 To see their signals and to hear the news:
 When the tide flows the welcom'd ships draw near
 Their wish'd-for shore, then into port safe steer.
 Hail, great and noble work design'd, now known
 To bring in pipes spring water through this town;
 Let this procedure meet with no delay,
 For such conveyance ne'er obstructs the way.
 The limpid stream springs from a generous source
 To supply them in its meand'ring course:
 At undertakings some rejoice at first,
 Yet shall the waters flow to quench their thirst.

From a small fishing town can this now boast
To be the second on the English coast ;
In five score years hath this so much increas'd,
Since smiling commerce here hath never ceas'd.

Liverpool contains five hundred and seventy streets, ten thousand six hundred houses (many of which have their cellars inhabited) and consists of seventy-eight thousand inhabitants. Anno Domini 1800.

THE MERCHANT.

Simul et jucunda et idonea discreta vita. HORACE,

EXPEDIENT commerce, Britain's chief support,
May you increase, and our fam'd arts promote :
Since manufactures and our wealth depend
On your success, which does t' employment tend.
Of every measure that is took t' obtain
A large subsistence or extensive gain,
That of the merchant just preferment takes,
For he all trades in circulation keeps.
Led by magnetic power to foreign shores,
Where he conveys his goods and valued stores,
Then by commercial treatment must receive
The due return of what those countries give.
For seamen brave Britannia's gain'd applause,
And heroes valiant in their country's cause,
Great intercourse and merchandize improve
With unanimity and social love.

Riches the hearty sailors here despise,
 And look on wealth with undesiring eyes;
 When they embark for the Atlantic main
 In expectation of some better gain.
 At Neptune's will his ships cut through the waves
 To sultry climes, when each the tempest braves:
 Long is the voyage, through the great South Seas,
 To India's coasts, where we import our teas,
 Drugs, spice, and silks, Nankeen and China ware,
 Gems, gold, and ivory, to enrich us here;
 With various articles of value great,
 All which combine to aggrandize this state.
 What fruits and treasures to this country yields
 The Persian empire and rich Turkey's fields:
 The Spanish and Mediterranean shores
 Supply with oil and Bacchus' chearing stores.
 If through the German Ocean should be led,
 Or up the Baltic Sea pursue his trade?
 Tar, turpentine, and timber will receive,
 As well as corn, which the hard Prussians give.
 Acceptable are these to England's ports,
 Worthy the notice of great men in courts.
 The public edifice and shipping shew
 That without these we should proceed but slow.

Hence for the Russian empire bends his sails,
 And visits Peterburgh, where cold prevails;
 Then takes in iron, hides, flax, and pine pitch,
 All which unite to make the merchant rich.
 Some send their strong built ships to Greenland's shores,
 Where each with glimm'ring light the seas explores:
 When the fish see, then with harpoons they strike,
 And when they've kill'd him, charge their tuns alike.
 In freezing cold what hardships each endures?
 When he, beset with fields of ice, procures
 The oil and whalebone, seals, and sometimes bears,
 To light our streets when Phœbus disappears.
 Thus ruling man extends his larger sway,
 Makes every quarter of the world obey;
 Wild beasts subdues, the floods are forc'd to bear,
 And recompence the active merchant's care.
 Across th' Atlantic Ocean steers his course
 Through the great briny waves' impetuous force:
 When out of sight of land he lifts his eyes,
 Looks through his quadrant at the sun and skies;
 Then finds his latitude and course, pursues
 His voyage west, 'till he the country views.
 In vain the sea disjoins the distant lands,
 The winds his sails, the helm his ship commands.

In North America at last arrives,
 Lands his exhausted passengers, and gives
 A final statement of his English goods,
 Which he discharges now they've storm'd the floods.
 From that long continent do we receive
 The stores and produce which those free states give.
 See them return from the West India isles
 And South America's improv'd rich soils,
 At whose productions this our empire smiles,
 With rum and sugar, coffee, cotton, rice,
 Tobacco, cocoa, woods, fruit, and some spice,
 And other goods, to be imported here,
 For which he sends our manufactures there.
 The north of Europe these can ne'er produce,
 Which he obtains by traffic for our use.
 Behold the ship full sail divide the tide,
 Escap'd the rocks and lurking banks, to ride
 At anchor safe, 'till she's prepar'd to land
 Her wealthy cargo, with each vent'rous hand.
 First the tide-waiters boldly go on board,
 Survey the lading and the ship full stor'd:
 When, if a church be nigh, the bells you hear,
 Which to all tell her safe arrival there.

}

And welcome the tofs'd ship and seamen home,
 While their companions watch to see them come.
 The hearty sailors land, and with glad voice
 Proclaim too her arrival, and rejoice:
 The master to the custom-house repairs,
 And there gives entry of his goods and wares.
 Thus intercourse with nations circulates,
 By means of commerce, which supports all states;
 What one can't have, another that supplies,
 And these exchanges to our profits rise.
 Like sweets transported by the planter's toil,
 Turns want to plenty in Britannia's isle.
 From sultry Africa's extensive shores
 The blacks are sent to cultivate his stores
 In the West India isles, where heat avails;
 Thus man to rule the world and man prevails.
 Let nations less humane this trade defend,
 I for its policy shall ne'er contend.
 'Tis true cool England brings the finer parts,
 Our looks display our exercise and arts:
 While Lybia burns her sons a blacken'd race,
 Distends their lips, and shews them void of grace.
 Yet the most fair here for a short time stay,
 We are but passive mortals, such as they;

By the same Maker we like these are made,
By the same laws of nature are we sway'd.
When in this commerce you your time bestow
Let sympathetic love from your hearts flow:
And as the poet says in his good line,
E'er join both profit and delight in one.

DESCRIPTION OF YORK MINSTER.

Ut Rosa flos florum sic est Domus ista Domorum.

FROM public scenes of business now retir'd,
To see a city, once of so much fame:
Her great antiquity my muse inspir'd,
To sing in verse the semblance of the same.
In this most spacious county England shews,
Abbeys and ruins grace the sylvan scene!
Through fertile lands the Trent meand'ring flows,
Where flowery meadows, springs, and rocks are seen.
With raptures I survey the verdant plains
Diversify'd with woods and fruitful stores,
And the Ouse winding through the fields he drains,
Dashing upon the reeds along the shore.
York Minster's towers here rise in distant views,
'Midst dooms and spiring temples watching nigh,
While broken walls and abbeys near the Ouse,
Neglected now, in piles of ruins lie.

The above Latin motto is in gold letters in the Chapter-house.

Could I delineate in more able verse

The castle, spacious halls, and bridge sublime?

Many more beauties should I now rehearse

In the smooth records of alternate rhyme.

A thousand years at least have now pass'd o'er

Since this cathedral's basis first was laid:

Yet all th' inclement seasons she hath bore

Have yet not made her seem so much decay'd.

Her awful grandeur doth my soul surprize,

And when I here behold the stately height:

Her walls and lanthorn tower that pierce the skies,

Fills me at once with reverence and delight.

First the spectator on the South ascends,

To see the outside work, so richly made:

A saffron object o'er a clock depends,

Just like the blooming marigold display'd.

Of costly structure is this prom'nent side,

With Gothic mouldings here and there dispers'd,

Acute and ox-cy'd arcs once beautify'd

Adorn this sacred part, though so long drest.

Th' Evangelists that in small niches stand

Four little spires upon this side now grace;

Two more faints are in pinnacles half sand,

For wasting time our best works will deface.

The Eastern front is grav'd in gorgeous pride,
 Marks of church grandeur in those primary times :
 Great Vavasour and Percy by none vied,
 In armour guard each side of stone and limes.
 On this choir end Archbishop Thorlby sits,
 Vested above the most majestic fight :
 Beneath are twelve Apostles, as best fits,
 With Christ between, the ever shining light.
 The morning sun emits his genial beams
 Upon these figures of ash-colour'd stone :
 When the great window here with brightness gleams,
 And each high-crested spire thus carv'd alone.
 Like to a fort appears the strong West side
 When view'd from some more distant rural place :
 A folding-door two high square towers divide,
 As if to guard this costly frontispiece.
 Above this door in tracery is thus seen
 The tragic tale of our first parents' fall :
 Fond must the mitred Melton then have been
 Of sculptured figures and the pedestal.
 The antiquarian may be pleas'd alone
 At seeing such antique and bold designs ;
 As pointed cloisters richly cut in stone,
 And statu'ry dispos'd in equal lines.

Now on the North are Gothic figures wrought,
 Where rich embellishments are finely carv'd,
 And other gravings which may take your thought
 Now to admire them, though by time impair'd.
 The temper'd steel has, by the skilful hand,
 Cut into human forms the rugged stone ;
 Saints, kings, and bishops with great warriors stand,
 In solemn silence, heedless of a throne.
 A pleasing awfulness confines the mind
 On her first ent'ring this large hallow'd choir :
 The num'rous carvings that you herein find
 Must with respect the pleas'd heart inspire.
 With colour'd light the marble pavement shines,
 Reflected from the windows richly stain'd :
 These white and black stones in alternate lines
 Are horizontal laid and smooth retain'd.
 Straight on each side the broad and spacious aisle
 High contrabluted pillars equal stand,
 Their capitals wreath'd round with sculptur'd foil
 Expose to view th' ingenious artist's hand.
 Upon these yellow architraves depend
 Arcades in equal rows of Gothic mould ;
 And above these th' observer may ascend
 To more minute arcades, and there behold.

See the long pompous roof and high-squar'd doom,
 Adorn'd with beautiful tracery archwise:
 And if to the extensive cross aisle come,
 View the majestic arcs and lanthorn's size.
 Could philosophic Greece or Rome now boast
 Of architecture finish'd more superb,
 Than this old Minster, built on Albion's coast.
 To forward virtue and dull vice disturb?
 How finely is emboss'd the broad stone screen,
 On which are fancy'd heads adorn'd with wings: *
 And in this workmanship here may be seen
 Fifteen good statues of old English kings.
 Now o'er this stands the organ tun'd so clear,
 Which oft resounds through this more solemn place:
 Here loud hosannas charm the listening ear,
 And seem to act on each attentive face.
 See the great splendid windows South and West,
 With saints and elders nearly rob'd the same;
 And the broad dusky North among the rest,
 Which calls to mind the generous sisters' fame. †

* By some called Cherubs.

† Finished at the expence of six maiden sisters.

If through this handsome screen you should advance,
 And there inspect the richly-carv'd grand choir,
 The whole creation from the East will glance
 Still more inviting portraits to admire.
 The painted windows through this choir you see,
 The noble history of the Bible give;
 With humorous characters, that seem to be,
 As if they really here, though dumb, did live.
 Scripture designs, in rainbow shades, appear
 On every pervious window, South and North:
 Here gloomy crouds of saints attract us near,
 To gaze upon them rob'd to last henceforth.
 To that most beauteous part retreat and see
 The octagonal Chapter-house as clean;
 O'er whose rich portal there appears to be
 A reverend prelate with his king and queen.
 A friar and a nun in courtship shew'd,
 While other comic heads deride th' old sage;
 Are fights seen here, which almost are eschew'd
 By the mechanics of this present age.
 Encompas'd here with rich carv'd marble stalls,
 And slender alabaster pillars round;
 There runs a gallery upon these walls
 With sumptuous decorations justly found.

These stalls and num'rous pinnacles o'er these
 The artist's skill as well as patience shew :
 He must admire who ever this work sees,
 And English oak thus ornamented so.
 Shall we survey the fretted vaults, replete
 With lawn-rob'd prelates gracefully reclin'd?
 And lonely muse upon their lives and fate,
 Inscrib'd on marble, and as well design'd.
 Here some great men distinguish'd lie entomb'd
 For virtuous actions only by them done:
 Here the renown'd to honour'd rest are doom'd,
 For their exploits in hostile war alone.
 The worthy founders here have left some things
 To represent their once deserving fame;
 As cups, vests, armour, pastoral staves, and rings,
 In gold and silver, with each engrav'd name.
 To build these stately structures nobly great,
 Luxury and war then made here no delay,
 Few were the taxes to maintain this state,
 Cheapness and plenty crown'd the chearful day.
 To finish such a Minster in this part,
 Each worthy Briton did at once aspire;
 Sublime ambition rul'd the generous heart,
 Religion rose to wake Apollo's lyre.

With equal symmetry the whole is view'd,
Contriv'd to elevate the curious mind:
Thus must the architect have been endued
With singular good taste as much refin'd.

THE LIVERPOOL ASYLUM.

Non est vivere sed valere, Vita. MARTIAL.

HAIL Great Creator, who first form'd mankind
With fight and reason to direct their ways :
Yet with these faculties they're not endued
For whom this institution first was made.
Let gratitude to thee inspire my muse
To sing thy love now in sublimer strains :
For framing mortals with such powers divine,
Permitting them to view thy glorious works.
In humble verse your merits I proclaim,
The subject's great, and shall record your worth,
Who first began this handsome sculptur'd pile,
Now rais'd convenient to receive the blind.
Hence you who are as if interrene shades,
And see no landscapes each reviving day.
Here is a fine Asylum for your use,
For which the benefactors grateful thank.

Ah! what avails the sun's bright beams to you
 Emitted from his fulgent palace high?
 Or his fair planetary spheres and earth
 In all her majesty of form adorn'd.
 Phœbus all nature's beauties cheers with light,
 But when his curtain's down the scenes are hid,
 Then music's charms oft this defect may sooth,
 In which sweet science these do oft excel.
 The harp harmonious and piano forte,
 The organ loud, with soft melodious strains,
 The violin, violoncello, flute,
 And other instruments, with tuneful voice,
 Exonerate the time and charm the soul.
 Their feeling too almost exceeds belief,
 Did we not see their handiworks perform'd,
 Though you're convey'd round on this rolling sphere
 Alternate light from darkness ne'er enjoy:
 Nor see sweet Phosphor rise without delay,
 Attending Phœbus in his morning tour,
 Or lovely Vesper in the evening fair,
 With Phœbe gliding through the stars as bright.
 Returning seasons, dress'd in beauteous robes,
 With admiration charm th' observing mind.
 Now Summer, clad in green, with various hues

Of pointed leaves and figured flowers so sweet :
 Then frosty Winter, cover'd all with snow,
 Concludes the transient year's alternate views.
 These blest advantages we have that see,
 For those depriv'd this gift, life must be dull.
 Though prescrib'd as our time is, some there are
 Ne'er use those faculties they ought to use,
 Reject the works that others have discharg'd,
 And never exercise their mental powers.
 The moving eyeball's wond'rous form'd for sight
 Of coats and humours to refract the rays,
 Collected on the pupil's central base,
 Like spot encircled on the radiant Sun :
 The colour'd Iris circles in array
 Round this small spot, which objects large receive,
 And yet a dent or spark may this destroy,
 And thus deprive us of this noble power.
 So from the confin'd limits of the heart
 Doth strength proceed through all the reins and limbs,
 The circulation of the blood depends
 On its valescence, though of little form.
 The laws of nature and of heaven we learn
 By sight and reason, favour'd gifts to man.
 These therefore may partake an equal share

Of pleasing thoughts as well as those that see,
 Enjoy this life in guiltless rest and peace,
 Since bliss dwells in the mind by heaven's decree ;
 Let those that see thus exercise their minds
 To have an insight into nature's laws,
 If she deludes frail man with tempting snares
 Some greater power then tells him how to act :
 Thus from this government and sterling sense
 Proceed our happiness, content, and health.
 See ruling nature will produce these forms,
 Mark some by blindness, some by minds deprav'd,
 Some she deforms, while others erect view
 Those light abodes where they can never change.
 The weakness of our nature's born and dies,
 Accuse not God for their defects or shape,
 But blame yourselves, if you must now complain,
 And cheer compassion which exalts the soul.
 Three elements make this material frame,
 And a commanding soul directs the whole ;
 But when the body is depriv'd of life,
 More useless than the putrid earth 'tis found.
 Many of these, prevented to obtain
 A bare subsistence, in their gloomy state,
 Wander the public ways, through which they're led,

To find assistance from the well-dispos'd,
 Favour this institution for their aid.
 Hence, if by nature or disease this comes,
 That they are thus depriv'd and have no home,
 Lead them to this receptacle prepared,
 Where they're provided for and occupied.
 Hence springs that peace of mind and tender care
 For these our neighbours wherefoe'er we move?
 But touch'd with heavenly fire by thee alone
 Who rules the whole with equity and love.
 Great strength or virtue do not always crown,
 Since both the good and bad of these partake:
 Some thus disabled may have heavenly minds
 Although they cannot see fair nature's works,
 And are depriv'd of sweet Platonic love,
 Yet when releas'd from this their carnal state
 May be convey'd into transcendent light
 With lasting sight adapted for their place;
 While some unworthy hardly leave their earth.
 Homer was blind, the greatest bard of Greece:
 He that the fall of our first parents sung,
 Though of great soul, was thus depriv'd of sight,
 If such great men have been and are like you,
 Be not dismay'd, or think yourselves forsook.

Optics, thou noble science for mankind,
By thee the glorious works of heaven we trace,
As well as see, all nature thus display'd
Upon this moving world, so wond'reous form'd.

ELEGY.

Dignum laude Virum Musa vetat mori. HORACE.

A MAN when first he views the cheerful light
Predicts by tender cries his coming coil:
The patient nurse invests, then sings to please,
Thus persevering she the infant rears.
With smiling bloom we then ascend the stage,
Admire the green scenes of creation new;
Perform a comedy the prompter aids,
Hence do we dress, play, eat, undress, and sleep:
In youthful vigour, by temptations drawn
To check felicity which now abounds
When we the whole day pass in careless joys,
Yet circumscrib'd this best of life is found.
As the spread eagle soars in quest of prey
The lambs unmindful feed in vales below,
When he has made his choice, darts down the heath,

Then must the innocent yield to its fate:
 Corrupted nature one the other slays
 When heavenly powers chuse not to interfere;
 Small unforeseen events may terminate
 This anxious being in the prime of life,
 Should perverse sickness ne'er assault the frame.
 Since man kills man, bird beast, and beast its kind,
 Why be affected at our natural case?
 Live but a guiltless life, which pleaseth heaven,
 Your separation you shall calmly meet,
 Exempt from all anxiety and fear.
 In the mild precincts of the morning light
 A solemn sound strikes through the silent air
 To signify to all the constant day
 Of one ascending shade of vest depriv'd.
 The Sun still rises with resplendent rays
 While man of evanescent honour falls!
 The full moon with reflected light still shines,
 While man of woman blooms, decays, and dies!
 Although his works are sometimes excellent,
 And may be for successive ages seen,
 Yes; and as marks of industry admired,
 When not a remnant of himself remains.

Substance here view'd by mortal sight shall waste
 Like animals, plants, herbs, and flowers e'er do,
 As well as bodies here and there unseen,
 But pure hearts, like stones precious, brave all time
 No more a patriot chang'd by heat and cold,
 Subject to biting cares, disease, and death:
 No earthy name will thou e'er cultivate,
 A shade so righteous leaves the fluggish earth.
 Entering with formal text the antique church,
 The mourners hearing of their transient state,
 Recal to mind their sins and useless toil,
 Perhaps desirous to retard their hour.
 Ah! what will dirges now his loss restore,
 Or priest by prayer avail to cleanse the heart?
 The muse may deuteous sing with melting voice
 The last small tribute of affection due;
 So may she graceful touch the quiv'ring string,
 And strew fresh laurels round his sculptured cell:
 Yet since her mournful strains and tuneful lyre
 Now cannot wake the favourite of her breast;
 She bids him rest, and then retires with sighs,
 Knowing his spirit lives, though tears are shed.
 Now what are power and grandeur in his sight

Who ranks with kings and great men once deceas'd?
 The stormy winds may rage and crackling hail,
 The thundering showers may flood and lightning rend,
 While they of tender minds are struck with fear
 He undismay'd in blissful region dwells.
 Some social friend may say, I lov'd his name,
 Because his manners and his words did please;
 Here tragic muse swell not this mournful lay,
 Since princes from these temporal joys must go.
 Like on a verdant hill where Sunbeams bask,
 The weary swain reclines in sweet repose,
 So doth the reliques lie secure from harm,
 While sky-larks sing and bees buzz round his tomb.
 This breath of life first call'd a living soul,
 By that Almighty Power who this world fram'd;
 Was made to be immortal to restrain,
 Adore, and govern every creature made,
 For man the image of his Maker shews.
 Hence sacred record this great truth confirms:
 Hence too, says Plato, that the soul ne'er dies
 Like that of brute exempt from sense and prayer:
 Since Man returns to hell's dark shades to waste,
 Into some mansion blest must his soul fly,

There in degree to have both light and bliss.
 Our souls and figures are the works of God,
 Our bodies are the works of man, and guilt
 The old forerunner of his wretched state!
 And envious pride, by which so many fall:
 Luxury too, thou curtails the days of man,
 Although may add to corporal pleasures now:
 Such courses our forefathers never took,
 Who oft liv'd hale and strong to fourscore years.
 Some fall in war, fearless of fire and wound,
 To secure freedom and their country's state:
 While others, through misfortune or loss griev'd,
 Exclude this fair existence unrestrain'd.
 With patience wait nature's appointed time,
 Virtue increase while in the strength of life,
 That unprevented age may be serene,
 And joys succeed when this breath leaves its course.
 Riches in moderation man must have,
 When he can honestly obtain the same,
 Yet, when procur'd, are always not enjoy'd
 Or made a proper use of in his toil,
 For in the grave terrestrial glory ends.

Impartial now our mother earth awaits
The quick return of her own offspring home:
Let us, before we do return, prepare
To meet the bridegroom with lamps fill'd with oil,
When we must be divested of this dust
To be receiv'd into eternal day.

FINIS.

Christie,
Printed by W. C. Jones,
1862.

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